An Iced Surprise

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/10664145.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Murder Husbands, Established Relationship, Established Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Post-Fall (Hannibal), Marriage Proposal, Accidents, Kissing, Fluff, Domestic Fluff, Romantic Fluff, Tooth-Rotting Fluff, Possibly the fluffiest thing I've ever written, Prompt Fic, Prompt Fill, Tumblr Prompt, Feels, Near Death Experiences
Language:	English
Series:	Part 5 of Life Is Delicious, Part 4 of Giveaway Fics
Collections:	Wendigo & Stag
Stats:	Published: 2017-04-18 Words: 839 Chapters: 1/1

An Iced Surprise

by ishipthemsogoddamnhard

Summary

Hannibal saves Will from a freak accident by sheer luck, and Will's romantic reaction is rather unexpected by either of them <3

Part of my ongoing Life Is Delicious murder husbands 'verse, but it stands alone as all fics in that series do.

Notes

Some hopefully adorable fluff for the definitely adorable Evertonem, who won my 800 follower fic giveaway!

I wrote this to 'metabolise' my recent brush with death under similar circumstances...

It all happened so fast.

Will had been outside in the shed-type building at the back of the property, working on a motor. The boat had been a recent purchase, something Will had talked offhand about for months. Hannibal had stored the idea of buying him a boat for Christmas at the back of his mind, until one day Will came home from fishing, announcing he had gone ahead and bought one. Hannibal had sheepishly explained his plans, that he would have happily got him something nicer, new, but Will had insisted he wanted this one to fix it up. He spoke fondly of having seen it in the small harbour, noticing the little 'for sale' sign and just *knowing*. Still the same impulsive boy.

It had been entirely the wrong time of year for all that, but Will was energised at the thought of sailing again. He had quickly found a better motor that needed some work but his plans had been put on hold - almost immediately after he brought it back the snow had started in earnest. Hannibal enjoyed seeing Will in his element and felt bad for him being stuck at home with the blizzard, while he continued to see patients downstairs. It had been snowing hard for weeks before that day.

As soon as it stopped enough to clear the door of the old wooden structure, Will had set up home there. It was Saturday but Hannibal didn't mind spending a while alone, knowing how keen Will was to get started, but also feeling like he would rather die than be out there in the cold, getting dirty and poking at old bits of metal. No, he would read and cook a lovely dinner for when Will came back in. Around 2pm he was partly bored, partly missing him and decided to take him coffee and a freshly baked muffin.

Hannibal entered Will's makeshift workshop by kicking the door open, having no free hands. Will didn't notice with his ear protection, the noise from his repairs shattering the snow-padded silence. No sooner had Hannibal set his offerings down and waved to get Will's attention, he heard the sickening crack, glanced up to see movement and lunged without thinking...

He grabbed Will by his jacket and yanked him towards the doorway, just in time to see the beams give way, landing in a huge, ominous heap of snow and water-rotted wood right where Will had been working. The first few seconds were ones of utter shock and disbelief, still clutching at each other as they recovered their wits.

“Are you ok?” Hannibal asked, studying him. Will turned away to survey the damage and nodded. Had that really just happened? Hannibal noticed him shaking and decided the chaos could wait, taking his hand and leading him indoors. Once they were installed by the fire with a blanket and cocoa laced with something stronger, Will finally found words.

He leaned back against the warmth of Hannibal. “Roof must’ve been ready to go...then all that snow.” He said quietly, rubbing the rim of his cup. “If you hadn’t come…” Will’s chest tightened. The reality still sinking in that he would likely have been killed. After all the danger they had faced - even sought out - in their lives together, something so trivial as a freak accident could have snuffed it out.

“I know.” Hannibal said gravely. He felt it too, the chill in his gut from knowing had he not gone to check on Will, he could have lost him. Three years...eight really...over just like that. He never found the idea of death troubling, until Will and he were one. He wrapped a protective arm around Will and sighed. “I don’t honestly know what I would have done…” He whispered.

They sat in silence for a long time until Will suddenly set his cup down, twisting to look into Hannibal’s solemn brown eyes. “Marry me.” He said, not really a question.

Hannibal stared, confused, even as his heart lurched. He had assumed that Will wouldn’t want to go down that road again and, since they had never discussed it, figured he was correct.

“I thought you didn’t want…” He began, searching Will’s face.

“I didn’t...I don’t think.” Will cut in, before looking away. “Now I just...you saved me. Like you saved me so many times. I never want to lose you.” He added quietly.

Hannibal lifted Will’s chin to look at him again. “I believe we saved each other and you never have to worry that you will lose me.” He said kindly. “But if I had known this is what you wanted, I would have given you something special.” He smiled.

“Yeah, well...this is all I want.” Will said, cheeks pink as he laid his hand on Hannibal’s arm, before leaning in to steal a soft kiss. “So will you?” He raised his eyebrows playfully.

Hannibal pulled him close. “Of course I will…” He slid a hand into Will’s curls. “Remarkable, unpredictable boy.”

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!